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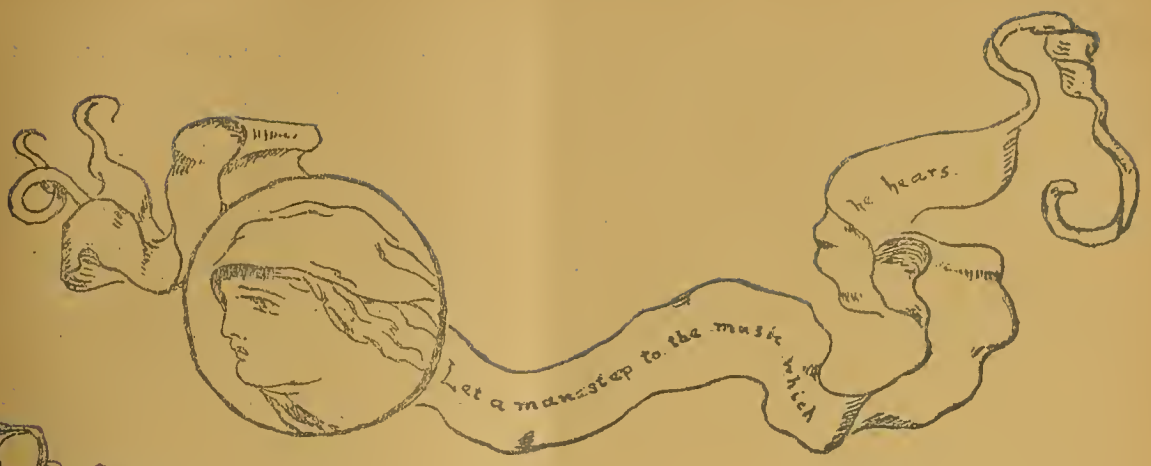
The Wellesley Prelude

Wellesley College



The Wellesley Prelude

VOLUME II.—No. 15.

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JANUARY 17, 1891.

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THE WELLESLEY PRELUDE.

VOL. II. BOSTON, MASS., JANUARY 17, 1891. No. 15

The Wellesley Prelude.

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All literary communications from the students of the College should be sent to LITERARY EDITOR OF THE PRELUDE, through the PRELUDE box in the general office. Literary communications from outside the College should be directed to the Alumnæ Editor, Miss Charlotte F. Roberts, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

Subscriptions should be sent, *in all cases*, to Esther Bailey, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

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SOCIETY HALL is greatly improved in appearance, by the addition of the two beautiful pieces of furniture, and the handsome rugs, gifts of the honorary members and the Zeta Alpha initiates of this year. It was a beautiful room before, but with not enough furniture for its size; and the rugs have the effect of making it seem more cozy and home-like. Members of Zeta Alpha and Phi Sigma who live outside College Hall in the cottages now find the hall more adapted to their comfort as well as pleasure.

This is the season of the year above all others when a finely-equipped gymnasium would be intensely appreciated. During the winter months systematic work in the gymnasium daily is of the greatest benefit to the student. The insufficiency of our gymnasium, both in size and in equipment, s more felt this year than it has ever been before. Many are unable to use it who would gladly embrace the opportunity for regular exercise.

Our lack of suitable gymnasium accommodations is partially atoned for by the glorious weather. Winter sports this year need not be a mere memory of other winters, but those who enjoy skating, sleighing and coasting can now rejoice at the return of one of the famous old New England winters. The desirability,—more, the necessity,—of taking exercise cannot be too strongly urged. If it is desirable, if it is necessary, that the standard of health should be raised, genuine exercise must be more freely indulged in. In the intervals between examinations the chilling mental atmosphere can be very much moderated by the influence of frequent sleigh-bells and merry shouts of coasters on the avenue.

One of the most unfortunate facts of College life is its almost entire separation from the real life of the world. The separation is naturally most marked in Colleges situated at some distance from large cities, withdrawn from the close proximity to the throbbing heart of humanity which gives the Colleges in the cities an advantage. The College in the centre of its own life, has its own laws and customs. Naturally the thought and conversation of the student turns on College work and College interests. When he leaves College he has to begin to learn the ways of the world, giving up the College view of life, impracticable longer, since it has already served its four years of usefulness. College-bred men and women are not always the most successful men and women. But their lack of success is often due largely to the fact that in College they became virtually separated from the world in thought and habits. This subject has been brought to our notice again by one of our alumnæ, who has had experience both of College

life and life of the world and can therefore speak with feeling. Her suggestions in "One Without to Those Within" are such as are of especial value and interest to us. We shall be the more ready to appreciate their force if, in the last vacation, we found ourselves not perfectly at ease and in command of the situation when in a company discussing the events of the day or the latest new book. How to mend the matter is a question for "those within" to consider and settle as best they can. Various opinions and suggestions should be expressed, and what better place can they have than the pages of the PRELUDE? Articles sent in will appear in the next number but one. They should be placed in the box in the office by Jan. 22.

On the subject of discussions, the PRELUDE would say a word. In any College, and especially in a large College, there are many questions of interest which are continually provoking more or less discussion. It would be strange if it were otherwise. Thoughtful, earnest people are always interested in some subject or other, and obviously College students must have interests. What they are interested in they will talk about; and what they talk about is the most fitting subject for the columns of the College paper. The PRELUDE cordially invites articles on subjects of general or particular College interest, whether discussions of questions or simple queries, and earnestly solicits all to write out their thoughts.

The trials of the Junior year, instead of subsiding for a brief space of time, and leaving the weary, struggling Junior a few days of peace, seem to assail her now with redoubled force. She has held her breath for two days while Bible, and Physics, in turn have compelled her to summon their respective facts to stand ready in her brain for use at any moment. Now that these subjects are dismissed, scarcely taking time for a sigh of relief, she must turn her thoughts to those remaining of the seven examinations and papers. That the Junior year is the most difficult of the course is undeniably true. Each successive Junior class groans and grows tired out. The cause of the difficulty is probably that the two studies Physics and History come together in this year; both difficult,—Physics, because of the amount of ground to be covered, and the trying laboratory periods, and History, since it requires a great deal of reading. Then, too, Physics is an uncongenial subject to many. If some way of lightening the Junior load could be devised, all succeeding classes would raise a shout of thanks. At Wellesley, the old rhyme,—

"In Junior year we take our ease"

is, most emphatically, not true.

ONE WITHOUT TO THOSE WITHIN.

Sitting by the cheerfnl fire these winter evenings, surrounded by the quiet home-atmosphere, my thoughts often wander back to Wellesley, to the girls who are working. pondering, sometimes puzzling, hoping, aspiring, there, in the familiar place. The new girls at Wellesley must be living much as did the girls who worked there three years ago,—so I reflect,—the same questions must occupy them, the same motives influence them, the same hopes inspire them, with which we were familiar in the old days. If Wellesley has not changed in this short time, then some of the thoughts arising in this winter chimney-corner may find an answering chord in the minds of the girls of today.

There are few of us who can look back on four years of our lives with an unmixed satisfaction. And by a coal-fire, with snow out of doors, and quiet reigning within, there is a great temptation to retrospection, to a critical regard, which queries was it wholly well? and wherein might it have been different?

The whole tendency of mental llfe in college is prospection—we work, not for the daily lesson,—but for something the lessons are to furnish, which is also prospective in its value and takes importance from future usefulness. It is not books we are learning, but to live. Do we succeed?

College is designed to furnish us with two life-elements, high ideals, and the means, or part of the means, of reaching them. Our friends, our teachers in books and class-room were afraid only that the ideals would not be high enough. We received the lesson gladly, having no objection to the loftiness of the star to which we hitched our wagons. But it was in the hope that our progress star-ward

would be sure and steady. None of us contemplated star-gazing with hopeless gulfs fixed between us and our luminary. Most of us selected one bright, particular star, to which we hitched our own particular wagon, and which we privately determined to reach. Quite right, too,—but most of us made one error. We were not prepared for the remoteness of the goal, and we were not very clear as to ways and means.

We could theorize beautifully on many subjects. For instance—we all believed in universal suffrage and a free ballot. Then some of us went at the end of college days to southern cities where a free ballot is not an actuality, and where the "best citizens" even doubted its expediency;—or to a western town where woman's suffrage was mooted,— and how many of us were able to take an instant and decided stand, or had the slightest idea of means by which to make our opinions tell?

I have heard essays read on the true objects of education,—there may have been one on that subject consigned to the dust-shaft under my own supervision—but confronted with the problem of the public schools, theories crnmble into dust. Have the Wellesley girls of to-day made up their minds as to the necessity of manual-training schools? Do they think Geology ought or ought not to be a part of a high school course? What are the advantages of the Swedish slöjd? At what age may children begin to study science, in what form should it be presented, and how might it be introduced into the public schools? Can gymnastics be introduced?—or should your town have a public gymnasium?—if so, how are you going to get it?—and when you have gotten it, how should it be conducted? Is there a public library at your home?—if not, ought not you, as a Wellesley graduate, to bestir yourself at least to arouse public interest? How will you go to work? If you talk to people about it, are you sure you can talk forcibly?

You will be expected to know about all these things,—or you will see deficiencies in your surroundings, which will arouse you, and which Wellesley should have helped you to remedy. If she has not, you would give half your Greek for a little information on the latest scientific methods of education. All the more if you mean to teach, should you have general knowledge beyond your own subject. But even if you do not teach, you may wish you did, when you find your sister cramming her poor little head with stuff for which she will have no use, and is only an injury to the overtaxed brain, while she is left ignorant of the simple necessities of knowledge. Such abuses of the word "education" are only too common, and the fact offers a chance for good work for Wellesley girls—if they are only ready to take it up.

Then there is the question of politics, omnipresent as that other elevating subject, the weather. If in your secret soul is hidden a conviction that women are not compelled to have political opinions, and that it will not much matter whether you know anything about elections or not, get rid of the idea immediately. Men will talk with you about politics if you know anything about it, and the very shock of finding you do know, may produce more effect than you dream.

It is a melancholy fact that at present the preponderence of vigorous thought and careful opinion is with the men. Therefore if we wish the stimulus of contact with wide-awake minds, we must meet them on their own ground. May-be they will not discuss Euripides or Aeschylus with us, perhaps they know little and care less about Browning, but they will talk about the tariff from Maine to California and from the snow-fields of Alaska to the orange-groves of Florida. And why should we not talk about the tariff,—there is as good mental discipline in the subject as in Puckle or "Sordello," and surely it concerns us if through tariff or no tariff "there Le no more cakes and ale."

Then there is the question of African slavery, and the Pan-American alliance, and divorce, and temperance,—have we them clearly in our mind, and can we summon our ideas in an instant?

You are beginning to suspect that this is a plea for the newspaper. Exactly—despised, neglected, abused,—and often deservedly—the newspaper has one claim on the notice of every intelligent woman—it reflects the world as it is. The image may not be a flattering one, all the more reason for not averting our eyes. Wellesley girls live in a kind of Utopia while in college,—a world of dreams and hopes, and imagination—which at the end of four years "fades into the light of common day." A few go to sheltered spots, where they may live in

the sunshine of unclouded ideals, where they have the stimulus of fine minds, music, art,— but the number is comparatively small. Nor is it certain that their's is the happier lot. Why should we not rejoice to descend into the work-a-day world, and march shoulder to shoulder with the men of every day?

This is materialism, you will say. Materialism is the bugaboo of the day to some of us,—true, it has many and great dangers, and is full of the pride of life; but meet it frankly and bring your idealism with you, and the two agree very well. Make up your mind that there will be much of it to encounter, and prepare yourself while the freshness of your ideals is with you.

It is an error to live for admirable theories in Wellesley, and come forth to think there are no admirable theories to live for. In college is the opportunity of a life-time for adjusting the two aspects of things. Take the world's questions for essay subjects, read while you have access to books which will soon be out of your reach, talk them over while you have friends by you who will comprehend your difficulties, and you will be better equipped for life, and the world will meet you half-way.

Maryette Goodwin, '88.

A DIVIDED WHOLE.

Are the old houses only to have stories? Is the picturesque ruin of one's habitation necessary to sorrow? Do ghosts majestically demand an old tower and a dreary moat before they will manifest themselves? Are the "mediums" not at all misled when they declare that spirits absolutely insist upon obscurity and mysterious curtains?

Nay, many a prosaically cozy habitation has its story, as strange as any of Bulwer's; many a bright brick house holds its load of sorrow. Ghosts walk through halls "finished in hard wood;" and spirits which are not of this world walk in broad daylight in the busy haunts of men. I know it; for, in a house which is all of this, in the cheerful light of day, appeared to me a spirit of the past; and it told me a story of love and of sorrow, and of the strange warping of generous natures,

The house stands in one of the almost fashionable streets of my dear city, one of the precincts which are inhabited by those comfortable souls who live where the beauty of situation tempts, and and by those most uncomfortable ones who live as near to the promenade of fashion as they can, or often as they cannot, afford.

It is a double house, broad and generous of hall and room, the walls just high enough to allow reasonable room for the growth of ones spirit while not so lofty as to reproach one constantly and wearingly with ones' slight advance.

Two people once lived there; newly married they were and strangers in the great city; with few friends, and so wrapped up in each other that those few were irksome. The man was of a not uncommon type, strong to hardness, upright in life and unbending in purpose; a man whom it was well to have for a friend, most unpleasant to have for an enemy, but whom most people were well content to have for neither, so little sympathy and comprehension did they find in him. His wife was of a more complex nature. Bright, glowing, and full of character was her face, illuminated almost constantly with a rare enthusiasm which never seemed to fail her. A most rare gift is that, which those of us who find life often colorless can well appreciate, of feeling for all things an unflagging interest. A curious mind she had, active to restlessness, with a defect somewhere in its brightness, a shallow in the midst of the depth. For on whatever thought it was busy,—and the highest and most intricate tempted it most,—following out a long and closely linked chain of reason, there was sure to be somewhere a flaw, hidden from the ordinary mind, but still present, making the result often strangely wrong.

But who, with the exception of a Professor of Psychology, stops to inquire into the workings of the mind of a blooming girl? Her strong and sturdy husband most certainly did not, and he was a man of one idea too, and that one his own deep, rich bass solo, accompanied by this charming wife. That she should ever usurp the solo part was inconceivable. To be sure she did always give him an account of herself and her world in her own charming and spirited manner, his hearty laugh estifying to the success of her vivid and picturesque

touches. This, however, was merely the pretty, trilling and rippling excursions which the accompaniment sometimes indulges in, during the pauses more earnest theme.

This commonly happened when, at night, the work-worn man and the smiling woman made of the evening meal a sort of domestic sacrament. Every bit of interest was treasured up with jealous care, went through the furnace of her active mind, and emerged with an added touch of vital force from its fire. No one should hear it, this little scene from the world's great farce, except this her audience of one perfectly sympathetic listener. How her color came and went, and the eyes grew brighter, and the little hands flashed about as the incident, interpreted by her, acquired an intense dramatic interest! And her husband listened, admiring quite as much the pretty picture she made as the story she told. There were bursts of laughter, flashes of wit, and occasionally some sound, virile thought from the strong, rather heavy-faced man; and, permeating everything and transforming all, a delicious sense of close sympathy apart from the outside world. The thoughts were their thoughts, the stories their stories, and all this great world their world, by a peculiar and exclusive possession.

Think of them now, sitting opposite each other at the brilliant and dainty table.

"I tell you, when I think of those men at the club 'gorging themselves in common,' as one of the fellows said today, I realize my own good fortune. I am afraid to tell you how great my felicity is. I should expect a bill from your dressmaker, with one more row of figures than usual, to-morrow," said the man, glancing with sincere, if ignorant, approbation at his pretty wife.

"I alway did say that battling with the world made men the selfish creatures they are," laughed the woman opposite, "they simply cannot understand the delicate yet heroic spirit of a woman. Now I array myself, at the expense of much valuable time, and—well, yes, money," in response to a suggestive glance,—"wholly for your benefit, and now you grudge just a little crumb of praise for fear it may encourage me in well-doing. But, there, of course you meant that Julia is a better cook than the one at your club—I was rash in appropriating the compliment for my gown."

"It is a success. How about Julia; does she answer?"

"Admirably, and even if she were not a success practically, I should keep her for the sake of the delicate incense she hourly offers before my vanity. You know I went for a ride today.—Perhaps you don't know that I am not a striking success yet—Now, John, that was entirely uncalled for.—As you so kindly agreed, I am not a very brilliant success in that direction yet, and the horse is an animal whose ways are hard to understand.

"I had mounted, and was waiting for Dora Fairchild, who was going with me, to settle herself when that horse began to back. I had always heard that you must impress your horse with a sense of your superior will, and I was impressing him by pulling briskly at the bits. A voice came to me which seemed to say, 'Hold him tight'—I pulled desperately, and the quadruped tried vigorously to prove himself a biped. Finally Dora managed to make me understand that she had told me not to hold him so tight, and the horse and I gradually regained our temper during the afternoon.

"I heard Julia recounting the story of my adventure to her companion in misery, and this was her version, 'That horse, he just rar'd right up on his hind feet, but Miss Bell, she just wrapped those reins round her wrist and she lay back and that horse he couldn't go nowhar.' Isn't that spirit of blind admiration worth twenty dollars a month?"

"Oh, fifty—But, Bell, I wish you wouldn't ride, it worries me."

"And yet you were on a foot-ball team!"

"Oh! well I can't afford to have you killed just yet. I should have to invest in a permanent box at the theatre for lack of amusement."

The laughing light died out of her face, "That is it then, I am only your amusement. I am 'better than a play,' I suppose—."

"Why yes, what exalted function in life did you think you filled?" he teased.

But she was terribly in earnest. A smothered sense of very old date, that she was merely his amusement, his recreation; that she really meant nothing to his true life; that she could move his stubborn will no more than a bird beating its wings against a mountain crag, had grown and grown until this one touch set it loose, a mighty

torrent sweeping away her self control, her love, her life, her home, everything.

And then the tempest raged,—a flood of hot, passionate words, and the slender form swayed by anger; small clenched hands and eyes flashing fire. The man listened in blank amazement, trying at first to stem the torrent with soothing words, then the unreason and injustice of it possessed him, and he too caught fire. Outside was the peace of a winter night, peace yet full of strength; inside a whirlwind of anger weak in its unreason.

That is how it happened. Anger and pride and stubbornness, and the separation began. They parted in full heat of anger, with the declaration that they could not and would not live together. Senseless and rash it was, but theirs were two strong natures, one hard as granite rock, the other with the passionate strength of a storm, and for the time every thought, every impulse was turned to hate.

They could not bear the scandal of a public separation, yet they must be utterly parted. For a few weeks there were laborers in the house, working secretly at night, that the outer world might not know. When the work was done, a wooden partition ran from the top of the house to the bottom, dividing the house into two distinct habitations.

The woman, silent now and depressed after the heat of her passion, lived in one side; the man, sullen and glowing yet with sombre anger, lived in the other; and time went on.

No one was allowed to enter the house; the few friends whom they had possessed were estranged; their lives were uttrely solitary. How long it took for the anger of each to fade away, leaving only a dull aching need of the other, matters not. The man said sternly, "She sinned first, she must humble herself before me before I will forgive her." The woman reasoned sadly, "He is the man; by the force of his strong will he won my heart from me; he is the one to speak, I must wait. It would be contrary to the law of the universe otherwise.

And so they lived on, year after year after year, each life worthless without the other. Her intense, nervous, vital force had been the stimulus his rather heavy, inert strength needed; without it he sank back into comparative inactivity. Not that he neglected his business altogether, but it was done mechanically; all the interest and enthusiasm died out of his life.

The woman? Without the restraining force of his sturdy strength, with no practical interest or aim in life, given up to morbid eternal thinking, the days dragged away. Every power or law in the universe was dragged before the tribunal of her tireless mind and found wanting. There was no fixed distinction between right and wrong; truth and untruth were weighed only by the amount of trouble one or the other brought; the universe was governed by a blind force with no meaning behind it, and no real beauty anywhere. Everything was meaningless, chaotic, and so wretchedly sad. There was nothing of importance in the whole world but her love, that she had lost forever. But there was no question in her mind of a remedy for the evil, that was out of her power altogether.

On one side of the partition, love and hopelessness and eternal sorrow, but blind submission to fate; on the other love and hopelessness and eternal sorrow, but unyielding purpose, until all became habit, fixed and hard.

Living each solitary life, on the dull round of mechanical duties, in the endless treadmill of morbid and hopeless thought; catching brief glimpses of each other as they passed in and out, each feeling in every fibre the presence of the other on the other side of the thin partition, they lived on. The man became heavy and purposeless, the woman doubtful of her soul itself, and still they lived on. The thought of each other became the dominating principle in life; the rare glimpses of each other very food for the soul; and still they lived on and on until life became dull and cold within them.

At last there came a change.

Two dreary souls in the last and saddest childhood, crazed by their long sorrow, the terrible monotonous predominance of sad, hopeless longing, caught each other's glance one day, as one looked up and the other looked down, and felt again the old love. They imagined themselves back in the youth where they had met and loved; they thought that some impassible barrier was between them, they knew again that they loved each other.

The faded, white haired old woman dressed herself with a dainty coquetry to please her lover's eye. The weak and withered lover brought flowers for his sweetheart and left them at her side of the door. Sometimes they wrote each other childish notes, but rarely, for the trembling fingers found it almost too hard a task.

Separated they grew together in spirit in a wonderful manner. Each could feel the other's presence; sometimes they were near together separated only by the partition, their hands were over the same spot, a vast flood of thought passed between them, saying all that the cruel silent years had witheld;—and yet not all, not all. The terrible longing of it! The dreary pathos of those two warped, separated lives struggling dumbly to be together at the last, after their hearts had ached apart for years!

There was a terrible storm in the summer of eighty-one,—a time when the thought of the childhood of our race, that storms were the expression of the anger of God, seems justified. Those of us who felt it remember but a time when all the elemental forces of the universe struggled in wild confusion; when law seemed, for the time, annihilated.

To the two people in the divided double house the storm was a relief from the monotony of their lives. Both stood at the windows straining their eyes into the darkness. Every peal of thunder crashed louder than the one before; the world became but a confusion of insufferable noise and blinding light; and of unreasoning terror. Involuntarily they fled to the partition obeying a blind impulse to be together. There they were, soothed and reassured by the sense of nearness, their old hearts beating side by side, when the forces of nature gathered themselves together for a supreme effort and for them the world of light and love, the world of pride and hate, of sorrow and longing, had passed away.

The next morning a crowd of idlers gathered around the house. The bolt had torn the partition from top to bottom, and had thrown them into each other's arms. It seemed that the wrath of God was spent on the unnatural barrier which pride and anger had raised between them, and had placed them where they ought to be.

"Guess they wouldn't have liked it much," said the coarse voice of one who knew the story of their life.

"Irony of fate," was the comment of a sharp-featured intellectual-looking man who stood gazing meditatively on them.

"Well, they didn't know what hurt them," said an offensively cheery voice.

Did they know it? Who can tell? Did they realize before the last supreme moment that fate had at last satisfied the longing of their lives? Scientists would say, no. Yet a smile like the faint sweet glow of a winter's sunset was on each withered face, a smile of peace and—satisfaction.

Over the grave where they lie together, the old sweet words gain a new significance.

"In death they were not divided."

Margarita Spalding, '91.

TO MY LOVE WITH THE GIFT OF A KEY.

My gift is poor, it seems to you—
You scorn perchance its crudeness;
And think to offer it is bold
To rudeness.

It is not fair to look upon,—
'Tis rusty, black and broken;
And yet I give with loving thought
This token.

You may not want this humble gift,
Perhaps you'll never use it,
Yet much I pray that you will not
Refuse it.

Take it—the gift is all I have,
And let it bear its part;
Use it; unlock the door unto
My heart.

Bertha DeF. Brush, '93

Far in the east a misty cloud
Floats by, or vanishes from view;
The low hills fade against the sky,
The heaven's rim is dimly blue.

A low deep bell breaks through the still—
I listen till its tollings cease;
A dreaminess comes o'er my soul,
And heaven seems nearer through earth's peace.

Bertha De F. Brush, '93.

GRANDFATHER'S CROWN.

Grandfather had been at rest in the little churchyard for nearly a year, and the children had ceased to wonder why he had gone, and whether he could be better and kinder now that he was an angel. Their mother talked to them on the calm Sunday evenings and told them what a brave sailor he had been, before the wonderful hair which they remembered so well had turned snow-white. They had not understood the beauty in the wrinkled, weatherworn face and kindly eyes, but the wealth of hair had been a never-failing source of delight, and each baby had pulled and twisted the snowy locks till even patient grandfather cried for mercy.

But although the dear old face was becoming a faint memory to the little ones, it was ever present to the sorrowing son and daughter, and at every turn they missed the encouraging smile and helpful word which grandfather always had, to cheer them on when the way seemed rough.

Their life was not a sunny one, though there were no great hardships:—perhaps it would have been easier if there had been a chance for heroism; but there was not even the danger of wrecks which gave a weird charm to the other little towns on the island, for the beautiful harbor of which they were so proud was monotonously safe.

During the summer months the place was quite transformed, and for a few weeks the old-young wife was more like the blooming girl that she had been when she married the tall fisherman and came from her pretty inland home to brave the loneliness of the small seaport. But the summer was too short, it seemed like a dream, and then came the awaking to the long dreary winters and the bit east winds. The husband was away many days a a time, fishing in the summer and working in the main land in the winter, and the brightest spot in the dull life had been the care and tenderness of grandfather.

But even that comfort was gone, and to the poor tired heart there seemed to be nothing to look forward to but desolate winters and summers almost hateful to her now that she could not be gay with the rest, and even the child-faces looking in hers wore a reproach to her as she thought that she could do nothing to make their lives different from her own.

Grandfather had always asked in his morning prayer that they might be made ready to receive "the crown of glory that fadeth not away," and he spoke of his going away from them as going to get his crown, and the reward used to seem very near and sure. But now the cold white headstone was so unresponsive, and its purity seemed hard and mocking to her, and she would throw herself on the grassy mound and sob: "Oh grandfather! Look at me as you used to. Come back, and teach me how to deserve the crown."

One day she went to the little burying ground, where the November winds were heaping dead leaves and twigs on the lonely graves. A dense fog came rolling in from the ocean so that she could hardly see her way, and she was chilled and half-stifled by the thick cloud which enveloped her. The stone was colder and whiter than ever in the gray mist, and she choked back the sobs as she stooped to replace a bunch of everlastings blown by the wind. The image of the loved face came vividly before her, seeming to outline itself against the white stone, and she brushed away her tears to look resolutely at the simple inscription: "He has gone to receive his crown."

Yes,—she was dreaming, or the fog had blinded her:—but there were the face and the luxuriant hair traced in delicate but distinct veining on the marble. She followed the lines with her greedy eyes, and then tried to waken herself,—she must not deceive herself in this way. But she was not in a dream, the whole figure was before her; the old man was leaning on a stick and "the crown" was on his wel' deserving head. Geologists who came to look at it said that it baffled their knowledge; but to the weary woman no scientific explanation was necessary. Grandfather had come back, and was saying to her: "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation, for when he is tried he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love him."

Edith Morison Ames, Sp.

THE question of admitting women to the examinations for the medical degree at Oxford University was lately discussed there in congregation and the proposal was negatived by a small majority—89 to 75.

COLLEGE NOTES.

It is with deep regret that the editors of the PRELUDE announce the resignation of Miss Blanche Bigelow Baker, '92, from the editorial board. Miss Baker has been obliged to leave college several times this year on account of her health, and does not feel strong enough to continue her work for the PRELUDE in addition to her already hard program. The editors of the PRELUDE feel that in losing Miss Baker they lose one especially fitted for the office she held among them, and whose place it will be hard to fill.

Rev. William M. Grosvenor, of Lenox, will preach in the Chapel to-morrow. On the Sunday following, Rev. George E. Merrill, of Newton, will preach.

This year is the first in the history of Wellesley that notice has not been received at the college, during the Christmas holidays, of students being prevented from returning, — students who left intending to return. This is certainly a just cause for congratulation. May next year's holidays be as successful.

Several students, who were obliged to leave Wellesley for a while before Christmas, have returned with the New Year. Miss Harriet L. Jones, '91, Miss Catherine Brainerd, Miss Emeline Bennett and Miss Marian C. Lutz, '93.

Miss Florence Converse and Miss Clara Belfield, '92, and Miss Edith M. Ames, Sp., will not be able to return this year. Miss Ames will spend three or four monthe in travel in Colorado, New Mexico and California with her mother and father, on account of her father's health. Mail addressed to 302 and 304 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., will be promptly forwarded.

Miss Mabel G. Curtis, '90, and Miss Alice L. Brewster, '89, spent Friday night of last week at Wood Cottage.

Miss Arlisle M. Young has been appointed instructor in Latin. Miss Young is a graduate of Ann Arbor where she took a second degree. She takes the place of Miss Burlingame who is now teaching at the Richmond Female Institute, Virginia.

The new initiates of Zeta Alpha have presented to the society a book-case of oak of sixteenth century finish. It is closed with glass doors, and above the shelves is a mirror set in the oak. Another book-case of cherry is the gift of four alumnæ members to Phi Sigma. It is a low revolving case and forms a marked contrast to the other. Two handsome rugs are yet another of Zeta Alpha's Christmas presents. These were presented by the honorary members of '77-'81.

The Legenda editors have had one full editoria meeting and many separate meetings. Their plans are progressing rapidly and the work is now in full swing.

Even examinations are not sufficient to prevent many from taking advantage of the opportunity for sleighing. Last Saturday evening three or four sleighing parties enjoyed an evening of fun, and those who were unwilling to give up the Symphony Concert put in a sleigh-ride at mid-night from Newton Lower Falls.

Bobbing is not crowded out altogether in these busy days. Many cottages own bobs and a few of the individual girls also. It would be a good thing if more of the students would club together to buy them, and then coasting for each girl would depend solely on her own desire and not on the kindness of her neighbors. Four or five clubbing together make it an inexpensive thing, and those who own bobs can testify that it is a good investment.

The occupation of the Psychology students, at this time of year, suggests what Charles Dudley Warner says of such pursuits:—"Fix the mind on an orange, the ordinary occupation of the metaphysician; take from it (without eating it) odor, color, weight, form, substance and peel; then let the mind still dwell on it as an orange. The experiment is perfectly successful; only, at the end of it, you havn't any mind."

On the night of December seventeenth, the Fall River boat, which carried one hundred and twenty-six Wellesley passengers, was delayed on account of the storm, and about half the delegation came by a special chartered train to New York. The delay caused great inconvenience to most of the party, but everything which could be done in their behalf was done. The passenger agent of the Old Colony Railroad was extremely courteous; he not only redeemed the tickets, but was willing to make up for all extra expense incurred by travelling in the roundabout way, and was very kind about offering to forward the delayed baggage.

One of the members of the Faculty can boast of having a genuine Japanese papyrus plant, recently brought from Japan. It has a stiff, straight stem, from six inches to a foot long, crowned at the top with a bunch of ribbon-like leaves. The effect is curious and something like that of a little palm tree. The plant has, for some time, made an artistic centrepiece for one of the Freeman tables.

One of the tables at College Hall has had a contest in the art of cooking. During the vacation each one prepared some dish, and, when college opened, the happy table gave two feasts. A fruit cake and a cocoanut cake took the head prizes, and the booby prize meant, not failure in cookery, but lamentable lack of effort.

On Sunday evening, January 11th, Miss Gertrude Chandler addressed the students on the subject of Foreign Missions. Miss Chandler spoke especially of her work in India.

The name Wellesley threatens to become as much abused as the long suffering Newton. Rice's Crossing has now changed its name to "Wellesley Farms." Let it be hoped that Wellesley, Wellesley Hills and Wellesley Farms may rest in peace and find no more aspirants to the title.

It seems to the committee in charge of the Thursday evening prayer-meetings that it will be wise to continue to carry out this term the plan which has already been outlined. The subjects chosen for the next few months are still closely connected with the life of Christ, and the progress of thought in these subjects has been determined by the now generally adopted relation of the prominent events in the life of Christ, to the different seasons of the year. The central thought of the meetings during the months of January and February will be the manifestations of Christ. We are glad to be able to announce that Dr. McKenzie and Dr Lyman Abbott have each promised to speak to us on some Thursday evening. As soon as the final arrangements are made, the dates will be announced.

SARAH WOODMAN PAUL. *Chairman of the Devotional Committee of the Wellesley College Christian Association.*

There was a sad accident on Lake Waban on the evening of December nineteenth. Two brothers from the village, William and Fred Clements, were skating near Point Tupelo, at about 8 o'clock. There had recently been a heavy thaw; in many places the ice was very thin and there were large holes here and there In the darkness the men could not see where the unsafe places were, and, without knowing it, one of them skated swiftly right over a sheeting of thin ice. His brother, following more slowly, caught his skate in the ice, and fell into the water. The elder brother turned to help him and himself broke through. The loud cries soon brought all the men at the college to the lake, and Carl Larsson, one of the Swedish cooks, who had had the presence of mind to bring a board with him, crawled out on the ice with the board and, at the risk of his own life succeeded in rescuing the younger man, who had not yet sunk. He was immediately taken to Stone Hall, where he was revived at the end of two hours. From him it was learned too late, that his brother had fallen in after him. At the post-mortem examination it was found that the heart must have stopped beating as soon as the man touched the water, and this is confirmed by the fact that he made no endeavor to save himself, in spite of his brother's repeated efforts to keep him up. This is the only accident of this kind which has occurred at Wellesley for ten or eleven years, and there was but one before it. Mrs. Durant and the few members of the Faculty who were staying at the college at the time, presented to Carl Larsson a French clock of black marble as a recognition of his heroism. On the clock is a silver plate bearing the inscription,

CARL W. LARSSON.
In remembrance of December 19, 1890.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

REV. Mr. Winship, of Boston, preached in the Chapel on Sunday Jan. 11, from the text, Acts III; 6, 7. referring also to Isaiah XXXV and Matthew XXV.

* * *

PROF. B. P. Bowne, of Boston University, gave a lecture, Tuesday evening, Dec. 15, before the Philosophy classes. His subject was "The Moralization of Life." He said, "Looking at human life as a whole, we see a law of development, and know that this development begins at zero. The leading factors are a body of impulses, passions, appetites, and instincts, which are the outcome of our constitution, and serve the way to initiate us into life. They prepare for the usual rational life, for man is free and has control of himself. The usual function of freedom is to pass from the instinctive to the plan of reason. The great hindrance is the evil, selfish will, which is the prolific source of wrong and outrage. Ours is an ignorant, childish race. We are not rational, moral beings, like the angels, neither are we instinctive, like the animals; hence arises the strange confusion of human life.

The centre of the moral life is the will to do right. The inner loyalness to righteousness is the central thought. The average conscience does not know what is right. Therefore, it has come about that life and morals are divorced, and there is an ascetic disparaging of life. While righteousness is supreme, it is but half. We must do right, but what is right? What is the good will to will? The aim of the good will is the conscious life in the full development of its normal possibilities. This involves the development of the individual and of society and thus cancels the divorce between life and morals All things, music, art, leisure and wealth must work together for the upbuilding of man. Nature must be subjugated, before the kingdom of man is come. What constitutes the ideal life? Surely that is not ideal which involves want, disease, ignorance, and superstition, which finds the pursuit of knowledge tiresome, and which is without love of beauty or art. Morally, our life is embryonic and childish. Society is held together by something analogous to the leading instincts of animals. Patriot-

ism is the expression of it. It underlies most social groups. Ignorance is the prolific mother of devotion. The choice of a political party is seldom the result of reason, but of this leading instinct complicated with pugnacious ones. It is seen in the formal life of the individual. The things on which human beings pride themselves make a sad list even for the rational animals of Aristotle. There is always an admixture of lower motives. This is the cause of the unpleasant impression of intimate acquaintance with heroes. We find the golden image with the feet of clay. In society, a developed conscience is rare. This causes the willingness to shirk public burdens. Compared with our ideals and potentialities, ours is a childish race. Compared with the past, our race has made gigantic strides, and made our earth historic among the stars.

As students, let right reason be our guide, the upbuilding of man, our aim."

* * *

The Goths and Franks.

Lecture by Dr. Helen L. Webster, Saturday, Jan. 10.

The Goths were a remarkably interesting people. They have played a very important part in the world's history, but their own history is short and tragic. Conquests downfall, and grand progress in civilization are crowded into a few centuries.

History tells us they were a music loving, God fearing people, capable of great devotion, but it can give us very little as to their origin. When, by many conquests they became masters of Europe, they advanced rapidly in civilization. Learned men were invited to the court, became the personal friends of the King, and literature received a great impetus. After the death of Theoderic, their decline commenced.

Their literature was rich in poetry and songs, among the latter mighty deeds of war and heroes are most prominent; unfortunately, none have been handed down. That they were a musical people is proved by the fact that their language contains many musical words. They patronized minstrels—kings themselves became players on the harp, and singers.

Their prose differs but little from their poetry. It, too, was sung, but without the accompaniment of harp or horn. During their latter years, they were converted from heathenism to christianity, and the only monument which remains to us is the translation of the Bible, which is in fragments. Their language is very ancient, and had a variety of forms; it was pure and simple, and their vocabulary varied. The Goths have many words in common with the Greek, Latin, Sanscrit, Old Norse, Old High German and Anglo Saxon languages. Whenever we consider how much light the Gothic language throws on our own language, we are very thankful for the few fragments left.

The Franks lived in the western part of Europe, and often met the Goths in battle. About the 6th century, they were converted to christianity. Nothing short of a miracle could turn these people from their long established paganism to the acceptance of an untried faith, and the story says the miracle was granted. Their noblest and beloved King, although a heathen, married a christian princess. Their first child received a christian baptism, but shortly after died. Later on, a second child was born, but he too was stricken with a fatal malady and for some days, laid at the point of death. In the Kings mind, all was turmoil and distress. Would the old God now wreak his vengeance upon him for partly forsaking him, or would the new God sieze this opportunity to show his power and restore his child to him from the arms of death? The child lived, and the King was half convinced that the new God was the one he should serve. Not long after, a terrific battle took place between the Franks and one of their powerful enemies. The Franks fell on every side, the battle turned against them. Then the King, mindful of the new God's former favor, retired to a quiet spot and lifted up his voice in one strong appeal to Heaven. He promised if God would give him the victory, he and his people would serve him forever. Then he returned to the battle. One more desperate attempt was made, the enemy retreated, the Franks were victorious. This was the miracle, and this the result. Unlike the Goths, they were not converted from inward need and want. Under Charlamague, they attained a great height in literature and music.

* * *

On Monday morning, January 12, Prof. Lyon of Harvard University, gave a lecture on "The Language of the Ancient Assyrians." Prof. Lyon said that in 538 B. C., when the city of Babylon was captured by Cyrus, great power passed into the hands of the Persians, and afterwards to the Greeks. It is of this Assyrian people that we learn from the explorations, which have laid bare many remarkable ruins of palaces and temples; and given to the world valuable art remains. The Babylonians are the older branch of the same family, of which the Assyrians, so often mentioned in the historical books of the Old Testament, are members. The Assyrians belong to that branch of the Semetic people to which belong also the Hebrews, Arabians, Ethiopians, Moabites and Edomites, and they occupied most of Western Asia. They were the first people to leave Babylon and settle in the Tigris-Euphrates Valley. We have knowledge of them from 4000 B. C., a continuous stream of information from 2300 B. C. Languages are divided into three classes, those like the Chinese with words of one syllable, those resembling the Turkish, and inflected languages similar to our own. Of this last class there are three

divisions, the Semetic, Hametic and Indo-European, to the first of which the Assyrian belongs. The lan- is in itself not at all difficult, being very similar to the Hebrew, but the great trouble under which the student labors is the script. The Assyrians began by making pictures of what they wanted to describe, and this gradually developed into a wedge-form script, which is difficult to decipher. They were great students of their own history, and many of their records are still in existence. Each king left a full account of his deeds upon the monuments and walls of the palaces which he had erected, and in the Assyrian books, which are of rather a peculiar character. Clay was taken and moulded into vaaious shapes, prisms, tablets and barrel shaped pieces, and upon these the history was written. Many of these have been already found, and Prof. Lyon says that there are undoubtedly many more in the ruins still to be uncovered, which will bring to light interesting facts concerning the Ancient Assyrian people.

INTER-COLLEGIATE NEWS.

VASSAR College has recently sunk a well 150 ft. deep to supply water for the swimming bath.

CORNELL has received a twenty-horse power generator for the mechanical department, from Mr. Edison.

RUTGERS has received the $15,000 appropriated by Congress for the agricultural college.

THE contract has been signed for the erection of a building for hygienic instruction, as an annex to the University of Pennsylvania. The building will be the first of its kind in America, and will cost $50,000, the entire expense of which will be borne by Henry C. Lea.

AT a recent meeting of the corporation of Yale it was voted to give the degree of B. A, to Douglas Putnam who is the grandson of Gen. Israel Putnam and is eighty-four years of age. On account of adverse circumstances he failed to graduate with his class, that of 1826, of which there are seven survivors.

THE Yale University library has received a valuable addition in a gift from Franklyn B. Dexter, secretary of the Yale Corporation, of his collection of books and manuscripts relating to early New England history.

THE following is the list of bequests to American colleges in the will of the late Daniel H. Fayerweather the millionaire leather dealer of New York city:

Yale College for Sheffield Scientific School,$300,000; Columbia College, $200,000; Cornell University, $200-000; Bowdoin College, $100,000; Amherst College, $100,000; Williams College, $100,000; Dartmouth College, $100,000; Wesleyan University, $100,000; Hamilton College, $100.000; University of Rochester, $100-000; Lincoln University, $100,000; University of Virginia, $100,000: Hampton University, $100,000; Marysville College, $100,000; Union Theological Seminary, and endowment of cadetship, $50,000; Marietta College, $50,000; Adelbert College, $50,000; Wabash College, $50,000; Pach College, $50,000.

OUR EXCHANGES.

How Nature Sleeps.

Light and soft a messenger steals down,
And light and soft o'er town and farm,
On hill and dale, o'er all the tired earth,
A snowy coverlet, soft and warm he spreads.
And bounteous Nature, wearied now at last
With her upspringing life of joy, and all
The labor of the bringing forth of fruits
To scatter in wide abundance to her sons,
At last has dropt her golden banners down
That waved in victory of a task complete,
And sleeps. —*The Red and Blue.*

A Song.

I know not what the song was,
Nor what the singer's name,
But the gates of my heart were opened
When the sound of his music came.

And all of the love and the longing,
And all of the pity and pain
In my whole life, swept o'er me,
Like a dash of summer rain.

And all the dear old faces
Came floating through mists of tears,
I saw them again as I'd seen them
Far away, in by-gone years.

And thine eyes were full of meaning,
As deep, and as true. as then,
And they wakened the same heart-longing
Thrilled the harp of my soul, again.

And I saw those golden moments
When I loved, in the light of their eyes,
Like a glimpse of enchanted country,
Through the glow of the sunset skies.
—*The Silby.*

Very Dear.

Ah, hark! I hear the postman's ring,
My heart beats hard and fast!
Did he a dainty missive bring?
Ah yes, 'tis here at last!
This note addressed in woman's hand
Seems very dear to me!

With trembling hand I haste to tear
The envelope open wide,
And a few——spaces I can't forbear
For there's but a bill inside!
Yet all the same this note's demand
Seems very dear to me!

AULD ACQUAINTANCE.

The third annual reunion of the Washington Wellesley Association was held Saturday afternoon, Dec. 27, at the home of Miss S. H. Breckenridge, class '88, on East Capitol St. The officers elected for the ensuing year at the preliminary business meeting are as follows:

President, Miss Ethel Glover, '90; vice-president, Mrs. Louise Harding Earle; secretary, Mrs. Laura Paul Diller; treasurer, Miss Maria Baldwin, '91; chairman of business committee, Miss Hattie Buchly.

The business meeting was followed by a social meeting, which the president, Miss Emma Teller, '89, opened with greetings of welcome to the eighteen members and eight guests present. Miss Green gave us the annals of '90 at Wellesley, and the old Capitol then heard echoes of a sound it never heard before — the college cheer.

Dr. Alice Hall, '81,— at present of the Woman's College, Baltimore — followed with a most interesting talk that was full of helpful suggestions to college girls. A letter and telegram were kindly sent by Miss Shafer from her southern retreat, and were thoroughly appreciated, as was also a letter from Mrs. Durant. The strains of "Alma Mater" closed the exercises, when the meeting became informal, and refreshments were served.

Among the honored guests whom we were delighted to welcome were Miss Hallowell and Miss Hayes. We sorrowfully heard of the sudden death of one of our members — Alice Gold Von Puttkamer, '85, and the following resolutions were adopted by the association:

Whereas, We have heard with sorrow of the sudden death of Alice Gold Von Puttkomer, a graduate of our loved Institution, and for the three years of its existence a member of this Association, and,

Whereas, It has pleased God, in His infinite wisdom, to call her into the Heavenly fold, therefor, be it

Resolved: That in recognition of her lovely character, we, the members of this association, extend to the bereaved husband and sorrowing parents, our sincere sympathy, and that our affections cling tenderly to the little one who has been thus early bereft of a mother's love and protection. Also, be it further

Resolved: That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the husband, the parents, and to the intimate friend and classmate, Miss Sarah Dicklnson.

LAURA PAUL DILLER, *Secretary*.

Miss Susie W. Childs, B. A. '90, is teaching in the Clara Conway Iustitute, Memphis, Tenn.

Miss Fannie A. Obear, student at Wellesley '85'88, is teaching in Brewster Academy, Woifboro, N. H.

Miss Ida May Wallace, B. A. '90, is acting as tutor in Wakefield, Mass.

Miss Grace W. Barker, student at Wellesley '85-'88, is an assistant teacher in the Plattsburgh High School, Plattsburg, N. J.

Miss Katherine B. Merrill, student at Wellesley '88-'90, is teaching at Jackson, Mich.

Miss Mabel M. Brown, '90, is assistant teacher in High School at Ipswich, Mass.

Miss Bessie L. Cook, '90, is teaching Latin and the Sciences in the Detroit Seminary, Detroit, Mich.

Miss Martha B. Moorhead, student at Wellesley '86-'88, is studying at the Woman's Medical College in Philadelphia.

Miss Emma Kate Hicks, '89, is teaching in the Natick Home School.

MARRIED.

REED-TURNER.—At Norwich. N. Y. Dec. 25, Mary Bushnell Reed, student at Wellesley '87-'90, to J. Bennett Turner.

WHEN THE GIRLS COME BACK AGAIN.

Beautiful Wellesley! Calm and fair,
Awaits our coming, awaits us where
Her lawns wear robes of snowy white,
It is a gay and festive night
When the girls come back again.

Each path and walk has been cleared of snow,
That the busy student may come and go;
The old boats lie, in their speechless way,
Giving the welcome they cannot say,
When the girls come back again.

Down in the willow-swamp you'll hear
The snow-birds piping "Happy new year!"
The pines sing a song by the breezes fann'd,
And Waban stretches a soft white hand,
When the girls come back again.

Bravely the Great Hall faces the wind,
Giving us greeting gracious and kind,
From Freeman to Waban there's mirth and glee,
Laughter, and jest and jollity,
When the girls come back again.

So will it be whenever they come,
Dear Wellesley will welcome her children home,
She will give them good cheer and a friendly hand,
As they crowd at her doors from every land,
When the girls come back again.

Nancy K. Foster, Sp.

WABAN RIPPLES.

THEIR MELANCHOLY MIEN.

Three girls from vacation, the railway took,
Each entered the car with saddened look,
And seeking out a retired nook,
Awaited the Wellesley call.

A bright little maiden of four or more,
Watched from her corner, for minutes a score;
Then softly let fall into father's ear
The question, "Why are so many here?"

"Hush little daughter," he gently said,
As he turned on his shoulder her curly head;
"If 'tis a funeral, as I take it to be,
'Tis a sorrowful day for all the three."

OLD LADY: "I never yet saw a February without a thaw, and I suppose I've seen thousands!"

A TALE WITH A MORAL.

There was a well-meaning school ma'am
Who would not allow girls to cram,
So they yielded to fate,
And sad to relate,
They got zero in every exam.

ADMIRER of fine art, after expending all her adjectives on the Angelus, stands before one of Verestchagin's largest paintings: "Only think, the Angelus cost $115,000, what would this one cost?"

THE PATHOS OF IT!

There once was a maiden clept Anna,
Who had quite a distingué manner,
At a long math. one day,
She fainted away,
And her friends had to stand round and fan her.

A MAN who was given to exaggeration made an agreement with a friend, that if at dinner that day, his word pictures should be too highly colored, the friend should give a signal of warning.

They were seated at the table and the man was describing a building. "It was nine hundred feet long," he said, "and eleven stories high." "How wide was it," some one asked. At this moment he felt a light tread on his foot. He replied quickly, "Oh five or six feet."

HE: "And, so you go to school near Boston—Awfully jolly, isn't it? Smooth!— And where did you say you attended school?"

SHE: "I am attending Wellesley College."

HE: "Oh—ah—oh—do you felicitate in the brain expansion now afforded women by her unprecedented privileges?"

Ding-dong! "A Happy New Year."
Ding-dong! Are you glad you are here?
Ding-dong! Oh, there's grindlng to do
Ding-dong! And we hope to pull through.

A gallant young cowboy's come out of the West,
In all the wild frontier his bowie's the best.
He stayed not for Boston, in Harvard no joy,
He went out to Wellesley—this daring cowboy!

Surrounded by girls by the dozen and score,
—Which thing had occurred to him never before—
As a specimen viewed—"Touch him only with care!"
For a man out at Wellesley is something quite rare!

He was greeted with stares of most terrible kind;
He was asked if he came for improvement of mind;
They enquired if he'd had education enough,
For he looked most on the whole, decidedly tough.

They addressed him in German, in Latin, in Greek,
They scared him so blue not a word could he speak.
He is off! He is gone! to return ne'er again,
And he's now raving mad on the wild Western plain.

Bertha DeF. Brush, '93.